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and emphasizes his cowardice and futility. The love-making of Apollo stands in all probability for the lure of life and is an opening for much charming poetry, while the incident, somewhat fantastic, perhaps, of Alcestis's love for Hercules may likely be symbolic too, standing for no more than the superior lure of brave deeds and high virtue. The book is full of beautiful and quotable passages. We find in this volume more thought and more real poetry than in any American poetic drama of the year.

It is not well to herald a book with too high praise. Mrs. Marks's volume* came to us laden down with such eulogies as set the standard all too high and leave us with but faint commendation for a rather gracefully written, charmingly treated legend. The Piper is the same pied player of Hamelin whom Browning made so popular. Mrs. Marks departs from the original story enough to make a happy ending, marrying her lovers and returning all the children to their homes. She strips the piper, too, of the glamour of magic and sends him forth alone a-piping in the end.

This Piper can in no wise compare in beauty or eloquence with Georgiana Goddard King's fine figure, Messer Piepowder, in the "Way of Perfect Love" published last year; nor, indeed, now that the comparison is instituted, do the songs in the poem compare favorably in singing quality or beauty of concept with those in Miss King's beautiful poem. Occasionally Mrs. Marks annoys her reader by a reminiscent line, as when she writes of hearts "stabbed awake," so inevitably recalling Stevenson's over-familiar, "And stab my spirit broad awake." But when all is said and done we must be grateful for whatever poetry is left in this workaday world, and here and there throughout "The Piper" one runs into little fragrant closes of beauty such as the Piper's summons to Barbara to join the wandering life and his apostrophe to the Lonely Man.

William Vaughan Moody was a poet; at one time the most promising of American poets. For some obscure reason he turned his back on the muse who showered her favors on him and took

* "The Piper." By Josephine Preston Peabody. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company, 1909.

to prose drama of Western life. We would rather have one poem like the "Daguerreotype" or the "Gloucester Moors," one song like "Song Flower and Poppy" than twenty prairie or mining dramas. It was doubtless of set purpose that Mr. Moody turned to interpreting the life of the people, but the life of a people is not likely to be caught by any such deliberate, artificial purpose. When a man expresses his own soul, and his soul is one with the people's, then we have a national poetry. This is only by way of saying that after the "Poems" and "The Fire-bringer" the plays are disappointing. In itself, however, the "Faith Healer"* is a readable, well-constructed play well adapted to the stage. Mr. Moody is always capable, professional and interesting. Occasionally even here the poet in him peeps through, as in Uncle Abe's speech about the God Pan: "I'se spied 'm, sittin' in de paw-paw bushes, when de snakes a-runnin' an' de jays a-hollerin' an' de crick a-talkin' sassy to hisse'f."

The characters are admirably balanced—the mystical and exalted wife, old Beeler with his untutored faith in Spencer and Darwin, Rhoda, the Magdalene, Martha, busy about many things, and the young healer himself living half in the natural and half in the supernatural world. It is a good play, but we refuse to accept anything less than great poetry from Mr. Moody with enthusiasm.

CRITICISM.

It is now several years since Professor Bradley published a memorable book on "Shakespearian Tragedy." He was not wholly well advised to make another volume, after so long an interval, of what remained of his lectures as Professor of Poetry at Oxford.† They are not precisely *réchauffés*, but they are avowedly second best, later winnowings, *beaux restes*. The philosophic atmosphere of present-day Oxford has got into the pages, and the discussions of the nature of poetry and of tragedy are rather befogged, that of the sublime rather bald; many of them expend pomp and paraphernalia to say a small and simple thing. Yet that on the Shakespearian stage is worth the price of a whole volume of neo-

* "The Faith Healer." By William Vaughan Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1909.

† "Oxford Lectures on Poetry." By A. C. Bradley. London: Macmillan & Co., 1909.